Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

No. CLXVI. OCTOBER, 1862. Vol. XIV.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

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JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following articles, &c.: from Miss Dawson, a parcel of books for the Carr Street Library; Mrs. Gripper, a parcel of shirts and magazines; Mrs. Partridge, a parcel of shirts, &c.; Mrs. Reade, a parcel of shirts, &c.

Donations of old clothes, and books for forming Ragged School Libraries, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

RAGGED SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

It is the intention of the Committee of the Ragged School Union to hold a Conference of Ragged School friends and others interested in Home-missionary operations in November, particulars of which will be given on the wrapper of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE for November.

Asylum for Fatherless Children,

REEDHAM, NEAR CROYDON.

JANUARY ELECTION, 1863.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The favour of your Votes and Interest is most respectfully and earnestly solicited on behalf of

HENRY JOHN BUTTLER,

AGED FIVE YEARS,

Whose Father, JAMES BUTTLER, was for many years Teacher in the Hope Street Ragged School, Brick Lane, Spitalfields, and for the last three months of his life Master of the Night Refuge, Field Lane Ragged School, where, in the discharge of his duties, he caught Typhus Fever, and died on 17th May, 1862, after a short illness. He has left a Widow and Four Children totally unprovided for.

The Case is strongly recommended by

WM. ELLICE, Esq., 27, Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.
A. FRASER, Esq., Brewery, Brick Lane.
Rev. JOSIAH VINEY, North Hill, Highgate.
Rev. WM. TYLER, 2, Trafalgar Place East, Hackney Road.
WM. ABSELL, Esq., 17, Elder Street, Shoreditch.
J. G. GENT, Esq., 1, Exeter Hall.
W. PAYNE, Esq., Guildhall, City.
J. CIRCUIT, Esq., 19, West Smithfield.
T. TAWELL, Esq., 20, Aldermanbury.
T. J. WINNEY, Esq., Stock Exchange.
J. T. LOVEDAY, Esq., 19, Lombard Street.
WM. GOODWIN, Esq., 8, Finch Lane.

By whom Proxies will be thankfully received, and by the Widow, Mrs. Buttler, 20, Pollard's Row, Bethnal Green.

See page 157, RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE *for July*, 1862.

THE

GROTTO PASSAGE

Refuge and Schools,

55, PADDINGTON STREET,

ST. MARYLEBONE, W.

"Blessed is he that considereth the Poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."—*Psalm* xli. 1.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The deficiency in the amount of the Subscriptions and Donations makes it necessary for the Committee to reduce the number of Inmates, in order to bring the expenses within the income; but before doing this they mention the facts, believing there must be some who would rejoice to contribute to a work which has been blessed of God, and which all allow is of incalculable benefit to society. There must be many on whom the gift, £1, £5, £10, or £50, would press very lightly; and there are surely some who would not grudge a little self-denial in order to give a helping hand to the friendless. Yet, for want of these very sums, many a poor boy must be turned starving into the streets, to begin perhaps a long career of crime, which may end in temporal and eternal ruin.

By the kindness and liberality of some friends there is a good Building which can accommodate 35 Boys, yet, unless the funds to feed and train these Boys are forthcoming, scarcely 20 can be maintained. Notwithstanding some discouragement there has been much to cheer; an outward change in the manners and habits of all the Boys, accompanied it is hoped, in not a few instances, by the change of heart.

Those who have learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and are in doubt of the worthiness of the object, are requested to visit the Institution and judge for themselves.

Any Contributions will be gladly received by—

The Hon. Miss WALDEGRAVE, 26, Portland Place, W.
Lord RADSTOCK, 30, Bryanston Square, W.
W. J. MAXWELL, Esq., Richmond, Surrey, S.W.
R. B. WADE, Esq., 58, Upper Seymour Street, S.W.
Sir CLAUDE SCOTT, Bart., & Co., Bankers, Cavendish Square, W.
Mr. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

J. E. EAREE,

BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

50, HACKNEY ROAD, NEAR SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

TALE OF THE "BLACK COUNTRY."

NOW PUBLISHING,

IN THE

LEISURE HOUR,

CONSISTING OF 31 CHAPTERS,

LEDESDALE GRANGE;

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

By the Author of "Sketches in the Black Country."

WEEKLY, ONE PENNY; MONTHLY PARTS, FIVEPENCE.

A LIFE'S SECRET;

A TALE OF THE METROPOLITAN BUILDING STRIKES.

By Mrs. WOOD, Author of "Danesbury House," &c.

MAY BE HAD COMPLETE IN FIVE PARTS FOR TWO SHILLINGS.

London: 56, Paternoster Row; and sold by all Booksellers.

OGLE MEWS RAGGED SCHOOL,

Foley Street, St. Marylebone.

ERECTION OF THE NEW SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The immediate assistance of friends of Ragged Schools is very urgently and respectfully requested on behalf of the new building, in which many poor and destitute children will be sheltered from the streets and from their dark and miserable homes, and receive instruction which may profit them for time, and by a Gracious Saviour's blessing, for eternity also.

This School was established in Union Mews in 1843, and has now for nearly nineteen years been constantly engaged in Ragged School work. The Foundation Stone of the new building was laid on the 26th of August last, and the works are now in active progress. About £300 are yet required to complete the entire plans.

Contributions will be thankfully received by

The Rev. E. R. EARDLEY-WILMOT, 10, Chandos Street, W.
The Rev. W. CADMAN, 6, Albany Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
Alderman Sir ROBERT W. CARDEN, 64, Wimpole Street, W.
Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

The New Schools will, it is hoped, be opened early in November next.

Under Royal Patronage.

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Asthma, Consumption, Influenza, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, and Lungs,

ARE INSURED BY

DR LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

WHICH HAVE A MOST AGREEABLE TASTE.

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ANOTHER CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE COUGH.—March 20, 1862.—From J. Pratt, chemist, Stafford Street, Wolverhampton.—"A lady had been suffering from a severe consumptive cough for 12 or 13 years, and after consulting several physicians, was induced to try your Wafers. The first dose gave instantaneous relief, and she has not had another attack since."

To Singers they are invaluable for the voice. They have a pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by all druggists.

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA
SOLD IN PACKETS BY 2280 AGENTS
The Chief Commissioner of the Sanitary Report, visited the Docks to inspect the PURE TEA imported by HORNIMAN & Co., LONDON, from having on investigation found that many teas in general use are covered by the Chinese with an objectionable powdered colour which is drank when the tea is made. Horniman's Green is a natural dull olive,—not bluish,—the Black is not intensely dark; by importing the leaf uncolorea, the Chinese cannot disguise and pass off as the best, brown flavourless sorts, consequently, Horniman's Pure Tea is strong, delicious, and wholesome. Price 3s. 8d., 4s. 0d. & 4s. 4d. per pound.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

OFFICE, 200, EUSTON ROAD, NEAR EUSTON SQUARE, N.W.

PRESIDENT—REV. THOMAS DALE, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

HOMES SUPPORTED BY THE INSTITUTION.

CENTRAL: 200, Euston Road, N.W. | WEST: Parson's Green, Fulham, S.W.
NORTH: Cornwall Place, Holloway Rd., N. | SOUTH: St. James Place, Old Kent Rd., S.E.

The Committee just now earnestly solicit contributions to enable them to keep all the Homes in full operation during the approaching winter months, for while it is painful at all times to refuse applications from the friendless and fallen, it is much more so when stern freezing blasts sweep the path of the desolate with unrestrained fury.

About 150 new cases have been admitted already this year, and if funds permit, fifty more may be welcomed by the end of December.

£10 is the average cost of each case, therefore a contribution of that amount will open the way for a case.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

Papers, Original and Selected.

RAGGED SCHOOL EXTENSION.—AUSTRALIA.

THE Ragged School movement may be said to belt the earth. Small and unostentatious in its beginnings, twenty years ago, in London, it has gradually advanced, year by year, till it has found a footing in nearly every country in Europe, and several in Asia, Africa, and America, and also in the far distant land of Australasia. Tidings reach us of the progress of the good work in these far-off lands through the post; and we are often favoured with calls from persons who come from these distant countries to make, as they say, our acquaintance, and to gather information on any and all the agencies comprised within our movement; not merely for gratifying a laudable curiosity, but for the benefit of their own people when they return home. Information thus supplied, and far more frequently by extended correspondence, is one of the great means by which the Ragged School Union exerts its influence for the general dissemination of Ragged Schools throughout the world.

The plans that have been found so useful in London, with slight modification, seem equally applicable in all other parts of the world; for the class to be benefited by these schools at the antipodes seem identical with those in London. The scenes that have been so often witnessed in the schools of Westminster and St. Giles are repeated, as if by the same boys and girls, in the Ragged School in Sussex Street, Sydney.

On page 178 of our volume for 1860, we gave a short notice of the opening of this school, and now we have just received full particulars of the school's progress down to April last.

A SCENE IN SYDNEY RAGGED SCHOOL.

The Secretary, describing the difficulties on the first opening of the school, says:—

"Many of the scholars seemed as well able to walk on their hands as on their feet, and sought to elevate their understandings, and relieve the pressure on their brains, occasioned by study, by standing on their heads. By a series of somersaults, or

revolving like wheels, they would pass from one end of the room to the other, and look innocently surprised when any objection was taken to these modes of locomotion. Fights were common; and in one instance, a young man, who had occasionally come to assist in the school, and who had excited their displeasure, was pelted in the upper room with stones, ink-bottles full of ink, and everything they could lay their hands on, until the rioters were forcibly expelled. The copy-books were bedaubed with ink, filled with fancy sketches, and written over with obscene words. One boy was elevated to the position of monitor. He arranged his class with slates in their hands. While they were sitting as still and motionless as statues, he approached the teacher, and said, 'There's a class for you!' He then turned two or three somersaults. On being remonstrated with, and told that the class would be imitating his example, he replied, 'Not they! They daren't move while I'm looking after them.' Many of them, at first, feared to come to the school, believing it to be a trap, and that when a good number of them were got in they would all be caught and sent to the 'poor-house.' Smoking, chewing, raffling, gambling, and vices which we must not name, prevailed among them."

This is the counterpart of Field Lane, as described by Dickens, nearly twenty years ago. The habits, character, and social—rather, we should say, unsocial—position of the scholars in both were identical; and it has been found that the same Christian effort, with the Divine blessing, has resulted in working out similar results at the opposite points of our globe.

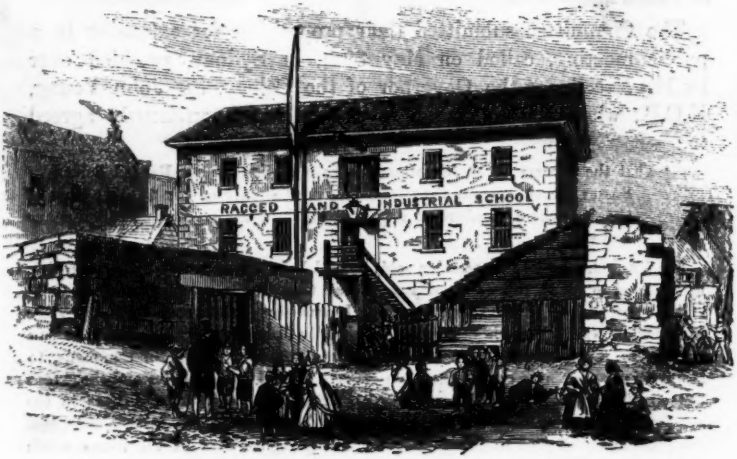
The boys, on entering the school, had no idea of using their hands in any kind of manual work, and those for whom situations were obtained either would not go to them, or left them almost immediately after entering upon them. Brought up in idleness, they had a great distaste for employment. Accustomed to roam at pleasure, they disclaimed restraint. One boy preferred to get a precarious living by gathering bones to entering upon a comfortable situation, where he was offered board and ten shillings per week. Another, although his father had turned him out of doors because he was too poor to keep him, declined a situation in which he was offered board and lodgings and five shillings per week. Two boys came to the school, one nine and the other four years of age. They were homeless; they slept in casks or cases, or wherever they could find shelter, and lived upon the charity of the poor. Their mother was in gaol; their father had deserted them. They were wild, untaught, unclad, suspicious, and whimsical. Three other boys attended, whose home was a miserable hovel. They were filthy in their habits and language, restless, careless, and ungovernable.

These serve as fair specimens of the raw materials in Sydney, which the Sussex Street Ragged School undertook to work up into a serviceable, if not into a valuable, article. To do it, however,

was no small difficulty. The *thrashing*-machine was thought of, and even talked about, but never resorted to; for, says the Secretary,—

"We know that to flog would be useless, inasmuch as some of the children had been accustomed to be stripped naked and beaten with weapons which we could not use, and with a vigour which far exceeded our disposition or ability. Our whippings would have been as much disregarded by them as were the whippings of Miss Ophelia by Topsy, who declared respecting them, 'Miss Feely's whippings wouldn't kill a skeeter.' We consequently tried moral means only, and by these have succeeded in bringing the school into excellent order."

This "excellent order," worked out by "moral means," attracted the attention of the principal person of Sydney, who thus became prepared to respond to the appeals made by the Committee at the close of their first year's labours, during which year £431 7s. 4½d. had been expended, but only £396 8s. 3d. received. The Com-



THE RAGGED SCHOOL BUILDING IN SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.

mittee, strong in faith and abundant in effort, entered on their second year of office with a debt of £35; but at the close of it (April, 1862), they found that they had paid off the debt, met all the expenses of the year, and a balance left on hand of £171 3s. 11½d.

The number of children brought under daily training in the second year was nearly double that of the first year. The average daily attendance in the first year was 70, and in the second was 126. The support given and the results achieved in this year

lead the Committee to think seriously of opening similar schools in other destitute parts of the city. They say—

"That they now feel justified, from the surplus funds in hand, to originate similar schools in other parts of the city. Their attention has been directed to the 'Rocks' and to Woolloomooloo Bay, and they hope, in the next year, to be able to communicate that branch Ragged Schools are in full work in each of these places. They have thought it prudent to husband their resources, consistent with efficiency, in order that they might, at the commencement of this their third year, be in a position to take up other neglected districts. One of the chief difficulties which confronts them is that of finding convenient rooms in suitable localities, and they are now seriously considering the propriety of causing a room to be so constructed that it can be taken down and moved from place to place as necessity may require. Such a room would be of great service in making experiments in any given neighbourhood, and when it was found that the right locality had been fixed upon, the use of a more permanent building might be secured, and the temporary room might be removed to some other station. Proprietors, as a rule, are unwilling to let premises for our purposes, and suitable premises can scarcely ever be found in the midst of that class of the population which most needs Ragged Schools."

The Committee submitted their proposition for extension to a public meeting, called on May 30th, in Sydney, presided over by His Excellency the Governor of the Colony, Sir John Young, K.C.B., when the following resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

"That the success which has attended the operation of the Ragged School in Sussex Street warrants the establishment of similar schools in other parts of the city, where numbers of neglected children are growing up in ignorance and vice."

His EXCELLENCY on this occasion said he was glad to see so full an attendance, and he begged to thank them for the acclamation with which they were kind enough to greet his arrival. He was happy to say that, as regarded the financial condition of the school, it was very satisfactory, and that in all other respects the prospects were most encouraging. He did not know that he need say anything with reference to the school; but he might make an allusion to the report of last year. In that report there was the statement of a gentleman with reference to Paisley. He said: "I was at Paisley a fortnight ago, and the sheriff was there, and he spoke too. He said that Ragged Schools had been the blessing of the town of Paisley. They had, he said, built a reformatory to reform young criminals, and they had not yet a tenant for it; the Ragged School of Paisley had caught every child before he went over the precipice, and there was a reformatory to be let." It was now just twenty years ago since he (Sir John Young) was appointed, as a member of the House of Commons, to investigate into the causes and the extent of the excessively severe distress in the town of Paisley. At that time a struggle was going on between the looms which were worked by hand and the looms which were worked by steam power. The former were gradually falling in the unequal contest with their more powerful rivals. There had been great and long-continued distress, and when there was the least interruption of trade, that distress was exceedingly aggravated; and on one of those occasions the distress had reached to such an extent that the House of Commons thought it necessary that a committee should be appointed to inquire into its causes. He was one of that

committee, and a more appalling state of distress could scarcely have been presented to the public notice. The poor rates paid 40s. in the pound; public and private munificence flowed in in every direction; yet, notwithstanding that, vast multitudes were in a state of utter destitution. Many families had sold all their property, and had sunk from comparative comfort into abject misery. Girls were driven to prostitution, and the whole town was in a very wretched state. He was now glad to hear an account of the alteration which had taken place in Paisley, and that the children had been rescued from the state in which they were at the time that he took part in the inquiry into the distress. And similar results are being worked out by the Ragged School movements in Sydney. And he believed that no money could be better or more economically laid out than that which was laid out in the reformation and education of those children who were wandering in the streets. Large sums of money were spent to provide hospitals for those who were brought to them by their diseases or by accidents, brought on very often by neglect and intemperance. Enormous sums were also expended on police to detect crime, and on gaols in which crime was to be punished. But no money could be better laid out than what was spent in preventing the evil from happening, and in that way the money was laid out upon this Ragged School. Wherever these schools had been instituted and diligently followed up (as he trusted they would be in Sydney) they had proved a blessing, not only to the children, but also to the parents. Every year their good influence widened in an enlarging circle. By such means as were here employed you would rescue the children themselves from misery and vice, and early death; but you would also confer great benefits on their parents. He was perfectly convinced that Ragged Schools were among the best means that could be adopted in a country like this to stay the progress of intemperance, and all the vices and miseries which flowed from intemperance.

The Dean of Sydney informed the friends that the Inspectors of Police had stated, that since the establishment of the Ragged School in Sussex Street, a considerable change had taken place in the character of the neighbourhood.

The Committee have observed the beneficial change to which the Dean referred, for, in their second report, they say—

"During the past year a marked improvement has taken place among the parents. Many of them have signed and kept the total abstinence pledge, and have acquired habits of self-respect and decency. The change, in several instances, has been so great, that those who knew them twelve months ago would find it difficult to recognise them now."

At the meeting to which we have already referred, Mr. Justice Wise spoke so well on the subject of Ragged Schools in that far-off land, that we feel a pleasure in recording in our pages the major portion of his address.

Mr. Justice WISE said that the substance of what he was about to say must go to the hearts of those who heard him, though the manner might not commend itself to their heads. He might, perhaps, be excused if he addressed himself shortly to the object of the Ragged School. The childhood, or rather the infancy, of the school having been passed, he did not, on looking at what had been done, apprehend any distrust of the object. Knowing, however, as he did, that even after twenty

years of noble and successful working of Ragged Schools in the mother-country, voices had been raised, during the recent discussions on education, tending to depreciate the value of these institutions, or rather to intimate that they were not wanted, he might be permitted to assert that here at least observation had shown that a Ragged School was needed, and that it had worked well. We were not in a similar position to England in one respect: the Ragged School in Sussex Street had hitherto, and would, no doubt, for a long time to come—nay, always—depend upon voluntary contributions alone. In England, the struggle had been as to whether Ragged Schools should be supported by the Government; but *in this colony it would be far better for these schools to be supported entirely by voluntary contributions, because then their exertions could be made without the trammels which must be imposed wherever such institutions were brought under the direction of the Government.* It had already been remarked that other objects than the mere education of the intellect were aimed at—that attempts were made to improve the intellect, but that the main object was this—to establish a moral improvement, an education of the character. To do that, unquestionably we must influence the intellect, and from his observation of the Ragged School, the two operations went hand in hand—both the moral feelings and the intellect were addressed. The poor and the ignorant were just as capable of being addressed through the mind as the rich and the wealthy. There was no such great difference in the raw material of the rich and the poor; it was the difference in the way in which they had been treated, the means which had been taken to draw out those faculties which God had implanted in all. Such, he believed, were the principles which actuated the Committee, and certainly he spoke from his own experience of the labours of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress. They were acting upon the principle that prevention was better than cure. He knew not how he could speak of the materials of this school better than this—to ask any one of you, be he rich or poor, tradesman or artisan, to visit—if he has not yet done so—to visit some of the numerous streets, lanes, and alleys between George Street and Darling Harbour, in the lower parts of the Glebe, on the Rocks, or about Woolloomooloo. Look at the insides of the houses—homes he would not call them, sties he might call them, and be nearer the truth—go into them; see the parents, many of them suffering the consequences of their own vices; look at the children, ragged and dirty, wild in eye, clever and quick in mind, but foul in language, often coarse in manner, unkind to all around them, for the best of all reasons, that they have never received kindness themselves. And then leave these sights, and think what the materials are that the Ragged School aimed at dealing with. Thriftless were numbers of those with whom we had to deal—almost hopeless, but not yet without hope. The hard man of the world—he who had no faith in God, who had no faith in virtue and good over sin and vice, who only recognised selfish motives—he indeed would say an unpromising ground was this, no fruit could be obtained here. But they who believed that good was superior to evil, who believed that God had created us all alike, and implanted in us all the elements of good, and had exposed us all alike, rich and poor, to temptations—they who believed in the ultimate triumph of good—must know that that was ground from which fruit might be obtained if the right means were used. eLt us look at what had been the results of the Ragged School during the short time that it had been in operation. The result shadowed forth in the Report, in respect to numbers, was in every way satisfactory. Difficulties we had had to contend with, because we had guarded as much as possible against giving gratuitous education to those children whose parents could afford to pay for their schooling. We did not wish to

encourage pauperism, but we wished to rescue the pauper who was forced to be a pauper from the circumstances in which he had been brought up. Look at that flag; what did it show? It showed that the boys who had been brought up in the Ragged School already felt it to be their school; that they had a love for the school in which they had been taught. Next would come — nay, had already come—the feeling that the boys would so act that the school should not be ashamed of them. They would begin to feel that which had operated in the breasts of all who had been in the great schools in England, and which worked also in the army and navy—a feeling of pride in the institution to which they belonged. It was a great incentive to good conduct when there was this feeling of pride and confidence in one's fellow-creatures, and the certainty that they would assist him. When that feeling existed the institution would assuredly flourish. The kindness which the boys would begin to feel for each other would lead them to feel that they were being kindly treated. Like begets like. The thought occurred to these boys—"Shall I be unkind, and harsh, and cruel, when everybody here, for no motives of their own, but merely to help me, is kind to me?" He thought he had said sufficient to show that the results had been good; and the principle which he believed ought to actuate us in these matters might be summed up in two words—Judicious love. That must be the guiding principle in all education, and especially in the education of those whose early experiences had led them to believe that they were uncared for by any one. He would now pass on to some topics that suggested themselves with regard to the future. The recent Report of the Committee of the Legislative Assembly on the condition of the working classes ought to be studied by every one who hoped to make this country worth living in—to be studied earnestly and with feelings of humbleness at the evils it disclosed. From that report he gathered that there were upwards of a thousand destitute and vagrant children in Sydney. Therefore, five times the present number of Ragged Schools would absorb pretty nearly all the juvenile vagabonds in Sydney. Five schools might, if established well, do the whole of this work. The Committee had experienced that, next to intemperance, the most demoralizing influences at work amongst the working classes were those resulting from inadequate house accommodation. He trusted that amongst those measures referred to in his Excellency's speech, in opening Parliament, as promised to be brought in by the Government this session, would be one for making better arrangements for the public health, and regulations as to house accommodation. These were some of the observations which occurred to him to express in rising to second this resolution. One thing only we must recollect when we were dealing with this subject, that difficult as all questions of this kind were, one fact we knew, that children were the to-morrow of society, and that if we neglected them to-day society to-morrow would suffer. In deeds of charity and kindness the benefit was as much to the giver as to the receiver; and those who moved in a higher sphere of society, and whose daily pursuits removed them from the hard wear and tear of life, should from time to time seat themselves at the bedside of the poor, should go and witness the trials and difficulties of the working man, and if they sympathised with him they would find that he would appreciate that sympathy. Such a service would benefit both the heart and the head, and without heart and head combined the Ragged School movement could not succeed; but with these combined the Ragged School in Sussex Street, and every other school elsewhere, must prosper

The Ragged Schools of Australia owe their origin to Mr. Edward

Joy, of Newtown. The Dean of Sydney had long desired to see schools of the kind in operation, but to establish them seemed impracticable till Mr. Joy took the initiative. The efforts of that gentleman have been untiring, the value of which is now recognised by the upper circles of Sydney, and the force of which the poor begin to feel and appreciate, as may be gathered from the following incident: The 18th of June last being the anniversary of Mr. Joy's birthday, he gave an invitation to the scholars of the Ragged School, 200 in number, to take tea with him on that day. They were *all* so free from other engagements on that occasion that none were absent. After tea the magic-lantern was brought into requisition, and a suitable address was delivered by the Rev. S. C. Kent, who, from the first, has taken a deep and active interest in the success of the school. One of the boys then came forward and, on behalf of his schoolfellows and himself, requested Mr. Joy to accept a copy of "The Land and the Book," by Mr. Thompson; the girls, at the same time, presenting sundry articles which they had worked with their own hands. The book, which was neatly bound, was purchased with pence saved by the children. These little presents were accompanied by the following address from the boys and girls, which of itself is an indication that much good has already resulted from the establishment of this Ragged School:—

"DEAR MR. JOY,—You will not, we hope, be angry with us for calling you 'dear,' for we do love you very much. Indeed, we cannot find words to express our love for you. Were it not for you we never should have known the happiness we have had in our dear Ragged School, and never would have heard about the blessed Saviour, who came to save poor children like us—for the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. You came to seek us, and we trust we shall be saved through Jesus. We are glad your birthday has come; and we pray most heartily that you may live to enjoy many very happy birthdays on earth, that you may make many poor children happy as we are, and that at last, when we all meet 'around the throne of God in heaven,' we may see you and you may see us all at his right hand. We beg you to accept this little book as a token of our love and gratitude. We are sorry it has not value in proportion to our love, but we know if it were all made of gold you would not prize it the more on that account. We all know that the way in which we can give you most pleasure is to be very good children, and to love the Lord; and this we are determined, by his help, that we will try to do. May God bless you, dear Mr. Joy, and God bless our Ragged School."

The children who were present on this occasion were those who had begun to feel the elevating tendencies of Ragged School training, but there were others of the Arab class who had not been brought under the influence of the school, and over whom

Mr. Joy yearned to rescue; and as a means to that end, he induced a friend to give an entertainment on the following (Thursday) evening to the juvenile Bedouins of Sydney. It was accepted by 100; and after they had been supplied with cakes and oranges, they were affectionately addressed by a few friends, and then highly entertained as well as instructed by an exhibition of dissolving views. Their behaviour was good; and the meeting was as acceptable to the roughs as the results of it, it is hoped, will be to the friends and teachers who entertained them.

ANOTHER OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE.

(*Continued from page* 208.)

"My eye in a moment took in the dimensions and furniture of the mysterious parlour. It was a dingy room, reminding me of what I had heard of those places where, in old times, murderers used to spend their last hours; had the words 'Condemned Cell' been written over the top of the door the impression would have been complete. The plaster on the walls was broken, the paper hung in ribbons from them in different parts, the grate red with rust, as if a jug-full of blood had been poured upon its bars; fragments of broken tobacco-pipes lay all around, interspersed with half-consumed lucifers, and several places were yet damp with recent spitting; a gas-bracket projected over the dusty naked mantel-piece; the light of day was admitted by a side window, whose glass groaned under the dirt of years, and allowed the light to enter the apartment in drab-tinged streams, which hurried through a broken Venetian blind and a faded blue curtain; the spiders had triumphed over Polly and Polly's broom, their webs hung in every corner like grey rags; the floor was covered with mattresses to the door. Such was the unpacking room of the firm of Murray and Mother.

"We now stood face to face; in a moment his coat was in a corner, and his feet enveloped in a pair of old stage shoes, in his hand he flourished an old fiddle-bow. Throwing back his oily curls from his forehead, his eyes twinkled in the drab light of that melancholy room. He gave me a piercing stare, and slowly advanced towards me, grunting between his teeth these words, 'Now, Zucci, for the first step in a gentleman's life, or as York saith—

> "A crown, or else a glorious tomb;
> A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"'

"I made sure he intended to do me some bodily harm from his attitude and his words; I raised my arms and retreated to a corner of the room; seeing this, he growled, 'Down with your hands, you little fiend disguised in boy's skin; down hands, I say, or I'll make your arms hang by your side like a couple of empty jacket sleeves.' Before I knew where I was he had

me in his grasp, and I found myself standing on his thigh, while he knelt on the floor with one knee. 'Take your hands from my neck,' he shouted; 'stand as upright as if you were on the floor.' I trembled all over; there was no mistaking the little man now, he meant business; fear and hatred of him prevailed in every corner of my heart as I stood poised on his bony thigh; he gently slipped his hand under one of my feet, saying at the same time, 'Now, you bunch of aspen twigs, prepare for a throw, spread out your hands and reach the mattress with the silence of an owl on a tombstone.' As if by magic he slipped from under me, and I was sprawling on the mattress in a swimming attitude: I was bathed in sweat from fear and astonishment, but disdained to express either, remembering Polly's advice and the power of the fiddle-bow. He sat laughing at me, and I lay and stared at him. Bringing his face near mine, he pretended to look into my eyes, and said, 'What! not a drop of the crystal? why, man, your shiners will take fire; not one drop yet, eh? Well, you are a brick; you will now be ready for the second move in a twinkling; up, then, and let's try.' My attitude seemed to say 'I won't.' Rising and walking round about me, he put on a face of mock tenderness, and asked, 'Any bones broken, Zucci dear?' I took no notice. 'Up, boy, a broken bone first throw won't pay, not even for your last ten days' pudding.' A sharp rap with the fiddle-bow brought me to myself and my feet at the same time. We stood at bay once more, he chuckling and giggling, evidently amused at my silent tongue and tearless eyes. Approaching me he said, 'Now, Zucci, spring upon my back, and plant your knees between my shoulders; hold fast as I rise up, seize the cord that runs along the ceiling, cling to it till I cry Free, then spring from my shoulders, clearing my head, and reaching the mattress with open hands.' I looked but saw not, listened but heard not. Another application of the bow awoke me to consciousness. He was nearing me on all fours, and grinding between his teeth scraps of curses from old plays—his peculiar attitude and mode of rhymed swearing—and placing my stinging toes, like wings, between his shoulders, he rose with me thus seated. I then raised myself erect upon his shoulders, and in a moment he cried, Free: quick as thought he went to the wall and I to the floor. Having struck my face against my fist on reaching the floor, blood rushed from my mouth and nose, covering in its descent the front of my tights. Being a good deal stunned, I lay quiet on the floor; he sat down beside me somewhat concerned till he discovered whence the blood came; he threw some water in my face and put my hands in the basin: we remained in silence on the floor together for some time. At last, turning me on my back, he again expressed some concern in his cold countenance, and muttered to himself—

> "It is not dead midnight.
> Cold, fearful drops stand on thy trembling flesh:
> What do *I* fear?"

The sickness left me, and I sat up; he had been, meantime, constantly passing his hands over all my joints and slightly bending my fingers, as if to discover if my bones were broken. I felt languid in the extreme; and, like a person newly out of sleep, I stared listlessly around me. He was deadly pale, the veins across his brow were swollen and its furrows filled with sweat,

but in his face not a muscle moved; like white marble soiled was that face, yea, like a dial behind which move no wheels. Affections human, behind that face there were none. He loved no creature on God's world but his own wretched little self; often has he pushed me aside saying, as he passed, 'My name is Murray, and let no dog bark when I speak; aside, Milksops all; was not the world made for me to bustle in?' He seemed much relieved, however, by my sitting up, wiped my face and hands with a sponge, and smoothed my hair with his own pocket-comb. Taking off his slippers and putting on his coat, he informed me my first lesson was over. Dropping a shilling between my shirt and chest he took me by the hand, saying—

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after; fare you well:"

then left me.

"As I came from the parlour Mrs. Murray and Polly were busy cleaning some dish-covers; they both stared at me; Mrs. Murray said in a mock tender voice, 'So, my boy, without breaking your neck you've got over the first stone in the way of a gentleman, eh? Ah, child (eyeing the blood on my clothes), you'll have your reward; showers of buns and bon-bons from the youngsters in the pit, bouquets from the boxes, and bravos in thunder-claps from the galleries at your first "pant." (pantomime) next Christmas; that will pay you for everything, heal all your scratches, wipe the sweat from your brow, and make you burst your tights with delight. La! you *do* have a handful of bright days before you; aint he, Polly?'

"'I'm sure of that, missis,' said Polly; 'he doesn't know he's born yet; but he's a brick, hasn't squeaked once, although the claret has been tapped, and the chalk rubbed on his cheeks (paleness). La! missis, if he dance a polka with the iron breeches on as quietly, won't he be a stunner; make master's fortune in no time, and himself a man before he's out of long clothes?'

"Here a significant look from missis changed the conversation. I knew not the reason, but resolved to quiz Polly the first opportunity. Poll remained silent for some time, and all at once set the party at ease by singing, in a soft, plaintive voice, a verse of one of her best 'weepers;' here it is:—

"I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days;
For by my own dear father's side
I sang my simple lays.
He died, and heartless strangers came,
Ere closed o'er him the grave;
They tore me weeping from his side,
And claimed me as their slave."

"While she was singing I crawled up stairs, and found under my pillow a couple of oranges and a piece of pudding. Polly, the boy's friend, put them there. To me that girl was a puzzle and a mystery; she was always crossing your path in some new light, and some new feature of her character was coming into view when least expected. Having escaped from my tights I sauntered out for a walk, rejoicing in my freedom and that my first lesson was over. But such meetings so often took place, and lessons such as I have

described were so frequently repeated, that I began positively to take pleasure in what at first made my bones ache with pain, and my heart strings tremble with fear. After a few weeks' training in this way I could pass with ease through the eye, in at the mouth, and down the nose of huge faces sketched on paper and stretched on frames. I became an adept; I was praised and petted by the whole household, until pride and conceit, like a couple of ugly warts, grew on my character; and before they were removed many a cuff and kick from God and man they cost me—nay, even now, sir, I feel their roots shooting and growing within me.

"Time wore on, and I continued to please and excel in feats of agility, not forgetting to annoy them with occasional outbursts of self-will and conceit; sometimes I was even pettish to Polly; she took it quietly; but what she did not like she had the knack of most faithfully remembering, and in her own way most effectually revenging. From what follows you will see Polly thought that the time for applying the damper had come. One night at supper I happened to make free with Miss Polly's work, and unintentionally brought her into trouble, out of which it cost her something to wriggle. As we were lighting our candles to retire to bed she gently tapped me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear, 'Zucci, dear, every dog has 'im's day; smoke that, darling; and may you and the fleas have a lively night of it.' So saying she turned to collect her supper things, and to make some preparations for the morrow's breakfast, aiding her work with a verse from one of her Irish 'rattlers.'

"'Twas at the Pig and Cat
Where Judy met her Pat,
With his big nose so red;
'Oh!' says she, '*you're untrue*,
And troth I'll punish you;'
And then she broke his head.
Her brother Ted was standing by,
Who nately blacked her father's eye;
For he was bold and frisky."

"This sent Murray and Mother to bed convulsed in laughter. That 'rattler' and Poll's whisper informed me a storm was brewing, and I guessed on whose head it would fall. I accordingly ascended to bed, sorry at heart I had offended a friend so really true as poor Polly. After breakfast next morning Murray and his Mother went out, leaving me to pick the spangles off an old stage dress previous to their being put on another; and Polly was busy with household work. All went on quietly for a little, till Poll, unable to resist the opportunity of punishing me for last night's work, said, 'Well, Master Zuc, I didn't much like the sauce and sour apples you put on my plate last night. You're going on anyhow now since you've got over your unpacking, jest like a ball thrown among a lot o' ninepins; you hit one and make it knock the heads of all the others together; but jest let me tell you Poll's not to be knocked over when it pleases YOU; if I run to one side you may come smack agen the wall—that'll make the chips flee out of you, though you were made o' London Bridge pavement.'

"'But Poll,' I said, 'it was only in fun; I didn't do it to hurt you—

never; you've been too kind to me since I came here; I thought you could take a joke.'

"'Knocking missis' head and mine together,' she said, 'that's no joke; we strike fire, and then there's smoke in the house. Once her tongue's let loose on a poor cove it's like a cartful of stones poured down a hill, every one jumps and bounds, and hits so jolly hard, that unless your nut was made of oak, and your heart of iron, you would be knocked into a jelly. I was too rum a gal at the reformatory, or I might have got a good place out of it, and I'm too far under missis' thumb *now*, or I'd bolt from the lot of ye; were it not for some things I'd hook it this morning.'

"'What things, Poll?'

"She replied, 'there's my grandmother, poor old soul, she lives on my few shillings, they keep her out of the workhouse; besides, when I was a rum un she always took my part, and, in the teeth of them all, she declared I would mend; that, zur, keeps me from bolting. This morning, all through your fun last night, missis has nearly torn me to pieces—casting all my old larks in my face; la! am sure her words flew about my ears like the knives of the Chinese conjurer about the head of his mate; had he moved an inch they would have stuck in it like pins in a cushion. But I never moves; she doesn't know my soft place yet—she never knew it; God and grannie know IT. If SHE did she would very soon make it as hard as the street; I'm always game before her; if SHE saw the white feather among my hair the sooner the undertaker has my measure the better for me. Our missis is jest like old Isaac the hawker's basket, you'll get out of it anything you like but what you want—a little kindness. She's as free of that as his basket is of the genuine article.'

"'But, Poll, I'm truly sorry I've caused you so much trouble. You'll forgive me for this time, wont ye? I'll not hold my head so high again.'

"Looking me full in the face, she said softly and seriously, 'THIS time I will, but don't you try it on AGAIN, if you please. You can't do very well without ME in this house; you're only head and shoulders out of the egg yet. Stick to me, Zucci; I don't want a rise out of ye, but only I likes to help the chicks till they can use their wings, and put 'em up to all the dodges o' the place to save their bacon. Murray'll stick to ye, too, but jest as the butcher does to his pig, for what he'll get out of it. And besides, Zuc, you haven't had on your breeches yet; how you're to get into them or out of them I know not, but I often ask how, when they're making all the pretty things in the world of ye, and you as open to their nonsense as a gravel walk, or a sandbank is to water.'

"I said, 'Whatever do you mean, Polly, by these said breeches? I saw some winks and looks pass between missis and you when they were mentioned before. There's a good girl, do let me into the secret; will you?'

"She answered, 'If you wanted a rod to go round a corner, and the only one you had were straight, what would you do with it? Make it crooked, of course. If you had a knee which, as it was made at first, could not move in a certain way, yet in that very way you had to go ahead, what would you do with it? Of course alter it to answer the purpose; that's clear, Zucci. Well, up in that box there is an iron thing which gives the knee the new style; it's the very shape of the knee, it's lined with wool, and has several screws

which master knows how to turn. After a few turns, the little bone on the top of the knee, about the size of a penny, is pushed down out of its place. After it's all over the coves tell me their legs go like steam. But don't it make the squeakers chase each other up your throat! I calls 'em the knee breeches. You aint considered a man neither, no not even worth your meat, till you have been breeched. Like to see them, Zuc?'

"While in the act of taking down the box, the knocker announced some one at the door. Poll rushed to her dusting and sweeping, and I became busy at my spangle picking. Poll, as usual, took refuge among the lines of a song, and went to the door singing—

"I'm a laughing Zingarella,
Fear not that an evil eye
Ever lurks amid the glances
That I give while passing by;
For my heart is free and joyous
As a wild bird on the wing,
And kind smiles of welcome greet me
When I dance and gaily sing."

"After dinner I watched an opportunity and slipped out. The iron breeches and the pain they would cause me filled me with such fears that I resolved to run away. Where my parents were I knew not, and to them, therefore, I could not fly. My 'handful of bright days' vanished, and all my dreams of becoming a great actor melted into nothing, like a wreath of steam from the funnel of a train on the surrounding air. I was almost broken-hearted—like the traveller in the desert having the cup of cold water dashed from his scorching lips in the moment of drinking. Pain past was about to be renewed, only altered in form, and the end thereof separated from me by a space and time unlimited. I was like the two schoolboys who set out one day to discover the spot on which the limbs of the rainbow rested, believing the story that if they found it they would find a pair of silver slippers waiting them. Over hill and dale they wandered; the bow as they approached seemed to rise higher and higher among the cliffs; it continued to flee and they to pursue, till the night swallowed up the bow, and they were lost. So my prospects continued to vanish, and darkness was blotting out my bow, and a wicked hand had removed my silver slippers. My hopes sunk in my heart like stones to the bottom of a pool. In this spirit I wandered along the Brixton Road; weary and sad I sat down on a heap of building materials, and stared at the fading light of the setting sun. I remained near the spot till it became quite dark, and the moon began to rise behind the chimney tops of the distant village. On leaving the spot I wandered through an old deserted garden, partly cleared for building purposes: a portion of the fence still stood, and at an entrance of one of the walks was an arch surmounted by a wooden soldier, with outstretched arms and a sword in each hand, which, catching the evening breeze, made him wheel and beat the air. That's me, pulled and tossed about by every one, as this man of wood is by every wind that blows; like him I strike right and left but touch nothing, make no impression; continually grinding the air, but producing neither chaff nor flour—nothing. As I passed from under the

arch, at the bottom of the walk stood an old walnut tree; I sat down at its root and stared in the direction of the wooden soldier. The moonlight was not sufficiently abundant to make him visible, but as the wind passed over him I could distinctly hear the birr of his old rusty pivot while he hewed the wind as it passed. I could not help saying, 'Some day the hand of the builder will take you down, old boy; perhaps a better berth is waiting you, and the wind and you may fight it out some day among sweeter flowers and in a garden that's not deserted. Gardens there are in plenty in which to wheel and fight, all that's wanted is the hand to take you down and put you up. I am like you; I am fixed; I can't escape the iron breeches; I must wheel in them till the hand comes that is to put me up or take me down. Whose hand shall it be? WHEN shall it be? O Lord, how long?' On that night in the deserted garden, at the root of the old walnut tree, talking to the wooden soldier on the arch, I got my first *real* glimpse of a Father in heaven. While thus employed, a number of labourers, returning from work, passed near where I was sitting, and to lighten their homeward journey were singing snatches from that well-known song—

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer."

"These words seemed to fall from heaven on my heart; had they really done so a deeper impression could not have been made. They seemed to fill up a gap in my very soul. These working men neither knew nor saw me. How should I be here to listen? What could make them sing the very words my soul needed? 'Twas not man, 'twas God that made them sing them. My heart snatched them up like a gift dropped into its lap from the skies. A faint, very faint, idea of God began to steal over me. From that day until the day he was pleased to convert my soul, the impression of that night never left my mind. It was anything but clear, anything but scriptural; nevertheless, I can't help thinking it was the first drop of that shower of the water of life which long after blessed my weary soul. It took a strange form in my mind. Ah, sir, were it not for the Spirit of God and the Scriptures, how foggy would man's religion be! I continually felt as if some great being was a witness of, and took an interest in, my affairs; although I saw no fixed form he moved beside me, wrapt in a large mantle. So vividly did I feel this, that I thought I heard the rustle of his garments, and so convinced in my own mind was I that it was real, I talked to him, complained to him, referred to him, prayed to him. I have learned since that pious people call such feelings natural religion—not true religion—because there was no reference to the blood of Jesus in it all. While such thoughts were passing through my mind the church clock struck eight. I resolved to return home. I felt more cheerful, and dashed from my mind all my plans of escape, and mused, as I returned, on 'the good time coming,' and resolved 'to wait a little longer.' I could have put on the iron breeches that very night, and allowed the two penny-shaped bones to be pushed ever so far down, even to the place appointed them by the most particular ballet master in London.

(To be continued.)

OGLE MEWS, MARYLEBONE.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Ogle Mews Ragged School was formed, and for several years was conducted, in Union Mews. This change of locality for the same school is thus referred to by our friend Joseph Payne, Esq.—

"This school was 'Union Mews,' they say,
And still deserves my strains;
For, though the *name* has passed away,
The thing itself remains.

"And *union* so combines us all,
That none will dare refuse
To say, 'Good luck to great and small
Who learn in Ogle Mews.'"

This change was forced upon the Committee as the legal hold on the premises had run out, and the owner required them for other purposes. A workshop over stabling in Ogle Mews seemed the most, if not the only, available refuge for the school, and was therefore taken, and for some years the school has been there conducted, The building, however, was old and very dilapidated; to spend money upon it seemed almost money lost and labour in vain. The stench from below and the wet from above being residents rather than visitors in the school-room, rendered it needful to go elsewhere or make a radical change on the site. The former appeared impracticable, and facilities opened up in the direction of the latter, which have now been brought to a successful issue.

In May, 1860, a building fund was commenced, and the effort to raise funds was most kindly and warmly supported by Sir Robert Carden. His Grace the Duke of Portland liberally granted the site of the school-room and the adjoining building, and also gave a handsome donation. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., the Ragged School Union, and many other friends, liberally contributed. The putting up of a new building was agreed to, but inasmuch as the whole of the funds were not in hand to complete the plans in full, it was arranged so far to finish the building that at some future time, when the funds will justify the step, and the necessity of the locality proves its need, a floor could be put across so as to form two good rooms, one over the other. The interest of lessees, who hold portions of the property till 1865, has to be settled either by paying purchase-money at once or by an annual rent for the next three years.

The old school buildings were placed in the hands of the contractor on the 17th of July last, and on Tuesday, August 26th, the foundation-stone was laid by Alderman Sir Robert Walter Carden.

The Rev. W. Cadman having opened the proceedings with prayer, the Rev. A. Nicholson (in the absence of the Rev. E. R. Eardley-Wilmot) stated the objects of the meeting; and Sir Robert Carden addressed the assembly, and stated that the meeting had been called in order to do a good work by laying the foundation-stone of a building which is intended for the dissemination of good opinions, and that in compliance with the unanimous wish of the

Committee he had consented to lay the stone, but on the express condition that they would not present him with a *silver* trowel, which would be not only useless but expensive, and he intended to perform the ceremony with one of the trowels used by the workmen in the erection of the schools. He had likewise given his consent to nothing but rough and plain materials for the building, which is intended for the use and accommodation of rough people, which would be such as to suit their requirements, so that they might feel themselves at home in it. Sir Robert then proceeded to give some facts concerning the Ragged School movement generally, and concluded by stating that as a magistrate he had observed a manifest diminution of juvenile convictions since the establishment of Ragged Schools. Sir Robert then duly performed the ceremony, and declared the stone "laid." While the stone was being lowered, the school children sung a portion of the hymn commencing—

"A children's temple here we build;"

after which the Rev. W. Cadman and Mr. J. G. Gent addressed the meeting, and a vote of thanks having been accorded to Sir Robert Carden, the proceedings terminated by singing the Doxology.

THE TEACHERS AGAIN AT NUTFIELD.

Henry Edmund Gurney, Esq., invited the fifth portion of the teachers of the London Ragged Schools to his house at Nutfield, on Tuesday, Sept. 2nd. The invitation first given five years since was to the teachers of the schools north of the Thames and due east of London. Year by year the invitations have been given to the schools situated in the north-east, north, north-west, west, and south-west of the metropolis, and last month the teachers of the schools in the south and south-east of London were invited to the hospitalities of Nutfield Priory. A special train was provided to convey the company, nearly 400 in number, from London Bridge Terminus to Red Hill Station. The weather was favourable, which, of course, added much pleasure to the excursionists. Arrived at Red Hill a conveyance was kindly provided by Mr. Gurney, for those who from lameness or other causes were scarcely able to walk the distance from the station to the residence. Mr. Gurney gave the teachers a very hearty reception as his guests on their arrival at his grounds, and told them it gave to Mrs. Gurney and to himself, to his family, and to his domestics, peculiar pleasure to see the Ragged School teachers at his home, and hoped they would avail themselves of the grounds, green-houses, residence, farm-house, dairy, laundry, lake, and boat, and the various pastime games provided during their stay; and the more freely these were enjoyed the greater would be the pleasure which Mrs. Gurney and himself would realize. He then informed them that when the Chinese gong was heard the first time, they would please to conclude that their presence would be required under the marquee on the high ground for dinner, and when again heard later in the day, it would be to favour Mrs. Gurney and himself by taking tea with them under the same marquee. The friends responded to Mrs. Gurney's kindness in the politest manner, and soon after they were seen scattered in

various parts of the estate, each taking to the games, to the wood, the lake, the farm, the residence, as opportunity offered or tastes dictated in the first instance; and we are quite safe in saying that the whole of the company before the close of the day had received a pretty general idea of the whole estate from personal visitation and inquiry. The gasometer, engine-house, piggery, stables, woods, &c., each in turn came in for a hasty visit.

The Chinese gong was heard, and soon the company from all quarters was to be seen converging to the high ground, and soon were arranged under the spacious marquee, very handsomely decorated, and

"WELCOME"

surmounted the principal entrance. Soon the company were in peace at the tables, loaded with a sumptuous supply of everything required for an English dinner. The repast over, Mr. Gurney, who presided, called upon Dr. Roth, Mr. H. R. Williams, and Mr. J. G. Gent to make a short address. They each replied to the call, and then the company was again distributed over hill and dale, engaged in occupations too numerous for description, till the gong was again heard. The company again reassembled for tea under the marquee, when Mrs. Gurney presided. On seeing that hospitable lady enter, leaning on the arm of Mr. Gurney, a spontaneous expression of feeling was indulged in, and in a manner which is peculiar to English people when their heart's gratitude is stirred to its very centre. This expression was very kindly and generously received by the benevolent hostess and host.

The shades of evening giving indication of their approach by the big red sun dropping in the west, led the company to spend but little time over the evening refreshments. Most sincere thanks were by acclamation voted to Mr. and Mrs. Gurney and family, not forgetting the domestics, all and each of whom seemed to have laid themselves out in every possible way for the company, and seemed to give up all else but that which would add comfort to the visitors. Mr. Gurney responded, and stated how pleased his domestics all were in being informed the Ragged School teachers of London were coming to spend a day at Nutfield.

Similar accommodation was given on the return as in the morning for the delicate and lame to reach the station with ease. And by the time the train was due to start all were comfortably seated for the return journey, which was completed in safety and with gratitude pervading every heart for the kindness exhibited that day.

HOLIDAY MAKING AND HOLIDAY MAKERS.

ALTHOUGH we think that all play and no work is but a synonym for *ennui*, yet we have sufficient faith in the old jingle,

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy,"

as to take a holiday whenever we lawfully may. Yet, like Lord Brougham, we do not think that we have any right to enjoy country sight and sounds before we have finished our allotted work, and so have earned our holiday: and hence we enjoy it all the more because neglected work does not stare us

in the face, and give us its glance of quiet reproach. We have sometimes thought that the *blasé* Roman emperor would not have sighed in vain for "a new pleasure" if he had worked hard, physically or mentally, for ten months, and then had rusticated in his villa for the rest of the year. Nor would he have laboured with less zest in his proper work-field on his return, but rather, recruited in muscle and better oxygenized in blood, he would have re-worked with all the relish incident to a "new pleasure."

The earth itself must lie fallow at specified intervals, in order that the air may reach the sub-soil after deep ploughing; and a goodlier crop repays the farmer for thus letting it lie abre for a season to all but spontaneous vegetation. So the same law holds good as regards the poor children of London. Like the earth, they need to lie fallow sometimes, and to obtain a breath of unpolluted air, that the lungs may be oxygenized, and thus prevent their being prematurely outworn. Nature, indeed, has practically taught them this truth, though science may not have imparted this secret of health. For who has visited the dingy lanes of this Babel of ours on a fine summer evening without seeing the whole population grouped about the doorways, enjoying the pleasures of out-door life, the men in their shirt-sleeves, smoking and chatting, and the children—to use poor Thomas Hood's words—

> "Looking good as gold in a gutter,
> Making of little dirt pies"?

For impure as the air is outside, it is ozone itself when compared with the air inside their houses. So whatever others of more critical temperament may say, we cannot grudge them the little enjoyment of sitting outside rather than inside of their unsavory dwellings, but rather lament that our public parks, and other breathing spaces, are too distant for the population of mid-London to reach after a hard day's work.

We are glad to find that most of our co-workers have done their best, by giving or by begging, to comply with that natural law which indicates that good air is as needful as good food; or, more properly speaking, that good air *is* food. In every case a special fund has been raised to defray the expense of the annual excursion, so that the school funds have been kept solely for school purposes. In some cases, however, the wealthy friends of Ragged Schools have invited the children of schools in which they are specially interested to their country seats, and there given them such a feast that they cannot readily forget. Amongst these good Samaritans Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., the brother of our kind host at Nutfield, Mr. H. E. Gurney, and Mrs. Carr Glyn, are prominent, and we doubt not that, in the exercise of their hospitality, they realized the saying of our Lord, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." We shall always gladly record such instances of true hospitality, for we think that, were the rich and the poor more often brought into social contact, it would do much to soften those personal *angularities* and social anomalies whereby both mutually suffer. And, even were no social good effected, the wealthy, by so doing, would merely comply with the law of Christ—"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind" (Luke xiv. 12, 13). And, as obedience and blessing are ever connected by an immutable law, there would be at least personal blessing derived from such compliance with a Divine law, as binding as any of the Ten Commandments.

The following summary will give an idea of the places where Ragged Schools participated in rural delights during the past summer.

We have not received the returns from *all* the schools that have been into the country for a day's holiday, but those we have give the following results:—

Battersea	120
Carshalton	130
Charlton	90
Crystal Palace	250
Ealing	264
Epping Forest	1,610
Erith	500
Exhibition	200
Greenwich	740
Hackney	80
Ham	300
Hammersmith	150
Hampstead	250
Hampton	660
Hendon	180
Carry forward	5,524

Brought forward	5,524
Hornsey	1,580
Kennington	820
Kensal Green	120
Lee	550
Maldon	270
Peckham	600
Petersham	1,420
Primrose Hill	320
Riddlesdown	180
Rye House	300
Stanmore	100
Tottenham	180
Willesden	142
Total	12,006

Still a residue remained of schools to whom the expense of a rural feast rendered it a sheer impossibility, for many Ragged Schools are so crippled in finances, that they live, to use a common phrase, "from hand to mouth," and hence the managers do not like to ask for special donations for a treat fund, lest the money required for the ordinary operations of the school should not be forthcoming. Through the influence, however, of our ever-ready friend Lord Shaftesbury, a special fund was raised, in order to give these poorer schools a day's glimpse of scenery and greenery. This united excursion was originally appointed for September the 10th, but the drenching rain compelled the officials of the Ragged School Union, however unwilling, to defer it. And here it may be intimated that, if we needed any further proof of the moral influence exerted by Ragged School teaching, it might be deduced from the fact that, notwithstanding their bitter disappointment, not a murmur was heard from our young friends.

On September the 15th this united fête came off, when twenty Day Schools, with 1,400 teachers and scholars, together with the members of the "Rag Brigade," were conveyed by the North London and South-Western Railways to Richmond. Preceded by the well-trained bands of the Wandsworth Home and the Grotto Passage Refuge, they marched two abreast to Petersham Park. In addition to the music of these bands, the children enlivened the march by spontaneously singing their favourite hymns and school pieces. One quaint chorus, however, which it would have been sheer cruelty to have suppressed, burst ever and anon from the whole army:—

"We love the engine-driver,
Because he drives us safe."

Need we say, with children and teachers, and old Ragged School workers,

released from the din and smoke of London, the day was a truly happy one? A cloudless sky, with a quiet south-east wind, brought out the autumnal tints of the trees in all their varied beauty; the abundant ozone put life into the dull eye and attenuated frame; balloons shot up on their skyward journey, whilst the fresh, springy turf, all the brighter from the prior day's rain, invited to many a race and gambol. Not the least interesting part of the programme was a tea, devoured with a relish which an epicure would have readily given a tithe of his income to have felt.

It only remains to add that the conduct of the children was such as to extort unstinted praise from the Richmondites; whilst many a female eye was moistened by the tear which needed no apology, when they witnessed the cleanliness, orderly behaviour, and the affection displayed for their teachers and friends by these poor waifs and strays of the great city. Thus, we doubt not, fresh friends, both givers and workers, were won to the Ragged School cause through the silent influence of the children's holiday, for it was practically seen that the destitute and the outcast are as amenable to the law of Christian kindness as any other class; yea, that such kindness is all the more powerful in its influence because it is so little experienced in their every-day life. As Ragged School workers, then, we have further reason for inferring, even from our children's holiday, that to train the poor for eternity is the very best mode of educating them for time, and hence that he who wins the outcast for God also wins him for man.

A SEED THAT FELL ON GOOD GROUND AND BROUGHT FORTH FRUIT.

Some years ago there was a little ragged boy in the mountains of Galway who had never spoken a word of any language but Irish, and had never seen a Protestant in his life. There were schools under the Irish Church Missions not a great many miles off, indeed; but living in some wild, lonely spot, among the bogs and mountains, this child had never heard of them, it appears. He was utterly ignorant of God's word, and so he might have continued if, in the providence of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, it had not happened that a Scripture-reader one day met with him on the mountain and stopped to speak to him. This man repeated the Ten Commandments to the little boy in Irish, and probably conversed with him also. He was interested, and thought over these words, and after a while went to one of the Mission Schools, and was instructed in the Scriptures. By-and-by his heart was touched by the Holy Spirit, and he became a sincere convert from the Church of Rome, and was trained to be a Scripture-reader in his turn. Circumstances, however, which I am not acquainted with, ultimately induced him to go to America, and he became a clerk in a large shop, or "store" as they call it, in a town in that country, and bore a high character as an active Christian man. When the recent war broke out, the

"store" was unhappily reduced (for it often happens in time of war that business suffers in a variety of ways), and the former clerk became an officer in one of the regiments of the Northern States; and a gentleman writes of him thus: "There are few *chaplains* in the service who are exerting a greater or better influence than this officer. Having been trained among the poor, he knows how to reach and benefit them." Here, then, is the once poor, ragged, ignorant Roman Catholic boy, an officer, a Protestant, and, what is far more, a Christian soldier of Christ; not only a soldier for his adopted country, but a soldier under the great Captain of our salvation, striving to spread among others the blessings he has received himself from on high. And the little seed whence all this good has sprung was the meeting of the Scripture-reader with the little lad on the wild Galway mountain! Is it not a great encouragement to all who are trying to serve their Master by speaking a word in season, to hear of such a case as this? If one attempt in five hundred brings forth such fruits, four hundred and ninety-nine failures are not worth lamenting! We work in the dark, as it were, not knowing what may be the success of our efforts; but this we know for our comfort, because it is in God's own unchangeable word, that if a seed of heavenly truth fall on good ground, it shall bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred. Blessed, then, are those who sow beside *all* waters, and are ever about their Master's business!

M. S. W.

Correspondence.

THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE" AND THE DENS OF WESTMINSTER.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in the "Cornhill Magazine" for August, which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, might produce a very erroneous impression upon many readers of our Ragged School work in the locality referred to. The article is entitled "A House in Westminster," and the writer, after describing the domicile and labours of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, says, "There are dens in Westminster where no respectable people dare go. . . . . Persons who visit the poor in some of these localities choose days and hours when the men are away from home; they dare not go when they are there. But into this brawling, grimy land the quiet sisters pass without fear or hesitation. . . . . No one harms them; the men themselves, instead of ill-treating, respect them and help them in every way." Then, proceeding more into particulars, the writer continues (page 266), "Old Pye Street, Orchard Street, and Duck Lane are the worst and most miserable localities. In Old Pye Street the habitual course of vice is too fearful to be described. Common lodging-houses alternating with thieves' dens, wretched abandoned women, with all quality and likeness of womanhood blotted out and trampled under foot; ruffianly men, whose faces are branded with every vice; boys and girls in the very

earliest youth hopelessly hardened and depraved, and whose only object in life is to corrupt and destroy the bodies and souls of others." A frightful picture, and evidently drawn by one who has never visited that locality; and who would venture to do so after such a description? Now I cannot affirm that there are *no* bad boys or girls, no profligate women, no brawling, dishonest men. What district is free from such characters? But this I can say, that since the "One Tun" Ragged Schools were opened near Old Pye Street, five years since, and the Working Men's Reading Room in Duck Lane, above eighteen months since, many strangers to the neighbourhood have visited both these institutions at all times, day and evening, without the slightest annoyance, but have always met with the greatest civility; and Lord Shaftesbury, at the annual meeting of the "One Tun" Ragged Schools, June 11, said, that whereas formerly it would not have been safe to have come down that street where they were assembled, now he would venture to say that at any hour of the night even one need not fear being molested. Again, we have a number of boys and girls who have been educated in the school and placed out in shops, offices, and as domestic servants, who have received the prize for good conduct in their various situations from the Ragged School Union; and we have also others ready for service, whose parents live in these streets; and women have been recommended as charwomen and needlewomen, and have done their work honestly and well. But such an article as that above quoted must act prejudicially in rendering persons unwilling to employ those who live in apparently so hopelessly a demoralized neighbourhood. Lastly, on behalf of the men, I would just say that the Reading Room has from the first been managed entirely by a committee of the men, with their own secretary and librarian, all giving their services gratuitously; the rules have been strictly carried out, the greatest order preserved by the members (there are above 300), and everything is in as good preservation as when the rooms were first opened, above eighteen months since. The pecuniary matters have all been managed with the strictest probity: one man makes and sells the coffee to the members, another (the secretary) receives the members' subscriptions, a halfpenny a week, others manage the penny bank and the loan society, and others the temperance society with its sick fund; all rendering their weekly debtor and creditor accounts, and not a single error has occurred, setting an example in this and in other ways to many in the superior and educated classes.

In conclusion, I may say, from my own experience, that I have but little faith in the statements that such and such localities in London or the country are unsafe except for the missionary, the Bible woman, or the sister of mercy; and it would be better for both rich and poor that *ladies* should more frequently visit than they do. The poor would learn to respect and love those who sympathized with and assisted them, and the rich would value their comforts more if they were eye-witnesses of the patience with which griping, pinching poverty, with its frequent attendant, sickness, is generally borne.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE HONORARY SECRETARY

Of the "One Tun" Ragged Schools (Perkins's Rents) and the Working Men's Club and Reading Room (Duck Lane).

September 9, 1862.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

SIR,—When I read the letter of "Q in the Corner" in your last Magazine, my first reflection was, What a very dark corner "Q's" must be; my next was, That, as usual, the darkness had dimmed his perceptions.

1. Where has "Q" been the last eighteen years not to know that the Bible Classes of the Young Men's Christian Association are not composed of the members of that Association, but are for unconverted men, gathered by indiscriminate invitation, the members of the Association being all members of Churches, and engaged in other Christian labours on the Lord's day, save the very few (not five per cent. of the whole number) who attend to *share in the management of these Bible Classes?*

2. Where can "Q" have been not to know that so far from the members of the Young Men's Christian Association being indifferent to the work of Ragged Schools and Sunday Schools, they are nearly all engaged in these and similar works, besides their duties as members of that Association?

I had the other day in my hand papers from 89 members, indiscriminately selected, and I found that of these 68 were employed as follows:—

Sunday Schools	28
Ragged Schools	13
Open-Air Preaching	6
Other Young Men's Societies	2
District Visiting Societies	4
Society for Rescue of Women	2
Working Men's Bible Class	1
Stewards for Special Services	2
"Other work in connection with Churches"	10
	68

I know of my own knowledge that the following Ragged Schools have been frequently supplied with teachers from the young men who have attended the Bible Classes of the Young Men's Christian Association:—

Golden Lane.	King Edward Ragged School.
Shoe Lane.	Bluegate Fields.
Fox Court.	Salmon's Lane.
Field Lane.	Darby Street.
Union Street, Southwark.	Grotto Passage.

And I know also that Christian young men would not be retained in these classes after they had attained sufficient experience and knowledge to qualify them for usefulness.

What will "Q" say to this? Would "Q" like men to be teachers before they are converted? or to be sent out all unfurnished for their work?

I recommend him before he next holds up his brethren to reproach to come out of his corner, and to make himself acquainted with facts; and to remember that he who states as true that which he has not put himself to the task of verifying, is guilty of a sin which might be described in very ugly terms.

Sir, your obedient servant,

S IN THE SUNSHINE.

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General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Bass, Mrs.	5	0	0
Boghurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Canterbury, the late Archbishop of	2	2	0
Cazenove, P., Esq.	10	0	0
Clack, Mrs.	0	10	6
Collyer, J., Esq.	1	1	0
Crowhall, Mrs.	0	10	0
Etches, Miss	0	10	0
Family at Highgate	2	0	0
Ferni, Miss	0	10	0
Friend, A.	0	10	0
Geddes, Miss E.	0	13	6
Grantham, Hon. Mrs.	1	1	0
Hankey, S. A., Esq.	50	0	0
Hawkins, Miss—Profits of Fancy Work	1	0	0
Kingston, Mr. S. C.	0	10	6
Lawrent, J., Esq.	3	3	0
Lee, Mrs.	1	1	0
Lowe, Miss	2	0	0
O. O. O.	2	0	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Richardson, Mr. B.	0	10	0
Shepherd, Rev. R.	0	5	0
Spiking, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Sutton, D., Esq.	1	1	0
Thornton, Mrs. E. S.	1	0	0
Watson, Rev. W.	0	10	0
Watson, Mrs.	0	10	0

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Excursion Fund.

Bodkin, Miss	1	0	0
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Holdship, Mr.	1	0	0
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Stephenson, Sir M.	1	1	0
Trimmer, E., Esq.	1	0	0
Webb, Mr. H.	0	10	0

School Fund.

Grotto Passage.

Hughes, T., Esq.	5	0	0

Lamb and Flag.

(Flower Show.)

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Little Saffron Hill.

Digby, Mrs.	2	5	6
Hawkins, Miss	0	6	0

Ogle Mews.

Beadbridge, Miss	0	5	0
Hawkins, Miss	0	10	0

Rag Brigade.

Hankey, S. A., Esq.	5	0	0
Teeson, Rev. J.	5	0	0

Spicer Street.

Lewis, W., Esq.	1	0	0

York Mews.

Casterton, J. W., Esq.	5	0	0

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